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SCHOOL AND SOCIAL DRAMA.

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“Act well your part.”

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# KANSAS IMMIGRANTS.

BY

T. S. DENISON.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

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CHICAGO:  
T. S. DENISON.

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# THE KANSAS IMMIGRANTS;

OR, THE GREAT EXODUS

A FARCE.

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BY

T. S. DENISON,

*Author of "Odds with the Enemy," "Initiating a Granger," "Wanted, a Correspondent," "A Family Strike," "Seth Greenback," "Hans Von Smash," "Borrowing Trouble," "Two Ghosts in White," "The Pull-Back," "Country Justice," "The Assessor," "The Sparkling Cup," "Louisa the Pauper," "Our Country," "The Irish Linen Peddler," "Is the Editor in?" "The School-Ma'am," Etc.*

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CHICAGO:  
T. S. DENISON.

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CHARACTERS. JS4K3

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SAM GROSS, a darky field-hand.

JOE COPE, a darky coachman.

EZRA SLOCUM, a Yankee settler.

HULDAH SLOCUM, his wife.

BENJAMIN SLOCUM, Ezra's cousin from Boston.

JOE BUCK, a frontiersman.

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## COSTUMES.

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Sam, rough dress of darky laborer; Joe, better dress; high collar and extravagant tie; fancy-colored handkerchief. Ezra and his wife, country dress. Ben, stylish business suit and cane. Joe Buck, first appearance, cow-hide boots, with pants tucked into boot tops; blouse, sombrero, rough flannel shirt, heavy mustache, revolver and bowie knife in belt. Second appearance, dressed as Indian brave. If full Indian costume cannot be obtained, a few feathers, beads, and a little paint will assist sufficiently as a disguise.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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*R* means right as the actor faces the audience; *L* left; *C* center.

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## SYNOPSIS.

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SCENE I. Sam Gross and Joe Cope, two darkies, seek their fortunes in Kansas. Joe has very high notions of life. They have unique quarters. Joe finds a peep-hole, and tries his fascinating powers on the colored servant girl. Ezra Slocum tries the same experiment with a different and astonishing result.

SCENE II. The darkies discuss Kansas life, and boast what they would do in case of attack by the Cheyennes. Ezra and Joe Buck devise a little scheme to test the bravery of the immigrants. Joe's remarkable experience with the big mule.

SCENE III. Appearance of Ben Slocum, a man of "culchaw," from Bosting. Ben is robbed. The Indian attack. A half hour's terror. Sudden disappearance of Ben and Joe Cope.

# THE KANSAS IMMIGRANTS.

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## SCENE I.

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SCENE I. *A shanty in Kansas, divided into two rooms by a quilt hung up to serve as a partition. If convenient the quilt may be hung at the back of the stage, allowing room enough for a person, to pass between it and the wall; or, a sort of apartment may easily be set off to the R. by setting up a light frame-work of wooden strips, and tacking muslin, or two bed-quilts on it. Joe Cope and Sam Gross discovered.*

*Joe.* We've done got to Kansas at last, Sam; dis yere is de land 'o freedom.

*Sam.* Dat's about de fac', Joe. Dah's no more hoein' de cotton in de brilin' sun down in Louisian'. A man can work in dese vigoratin' breezes all day, an sit in de shade foh an houah at de noonin'.

*Joe.* Sam, you's fohgittin' youhself. Don't talk to me 'bout de cotton pickin'. You know I don't undehtan' de labor subjec'. I was coachman in one of de fust families. You needn't talk cotton to me. Say, Sam, 'bout what time of yeah does de cotton pickin' set in?

*Sam.* Yah! ha! ha! Joe you's playin' dat a little too fine. 'Spose you wouldn't know a cotton plant from a cabbage plant. (*Confidentially.*) Say, Joe, don't you mention 'bout bein' coachman in one of de fust families. It might injure youah expectations. Dey hain't got no fust families heah. Dey's all common folks. Dey might like powful well to have youah sarvices, but you see mebbe dey couldn't 'ford it. (*Pokes Joe in the ribs.*)

*Joe.* You've done touched a painful subjec', Sam Gross, an' dah'll be a coolness in dis committee if you don't stop. I didn't come to Kansas to mind de grasshoppers 'way from de millin patches, I kin tell you. I'm gwine to handle de reins like a gentleman.

*Sam.* Yah! ha! ha! It'll be de reins of a mule team haulin' gravel on de railroad, I'll bet.

*Joe.* Sam Gross, you pains me. I always knowed you was kind 'o low in youh tastes, but I never 'spected dis yere. We'd better part 'foh it's too

*Sam.* Joe Cope, you's an idget. You don't know a sap-sucker from a turtle-dove. You need somebody to take care of you. What's de use of talkin 'bout bein' a coachman when dah's not a kahidge dis side of nowhah?

*Joe.* An' what's de use of talkin' of sittin' in de shade at noon, when dah isn't a tree short of de Rocky Mountains. I's gwine to drive a four-horse mule team, jist to show folks what I kin do. It's better'n hoein' taters. I ain't gwine to work like a nigger. I could do dat without comin' to Kansas. (*Sings "Old Shady."* While *Joe* sings, *Sam* takes out a dilapidated note-book and a stubby pencil, and commences to write with much labor and frequent erasures. *Joe* finishes his song.)

*Joe.* What you doin', Sam?

*Sam.* Writin' home to de folks.

*Joe.* What did you say to 'em?

*Sam.* (*Reads.*) I's done said—"Dear wife an' de pickanninies, an' brother Joe, an' aunt Kate, an' uncle Pete"—

*Joe.* Stop! Dat ain't right.

*Sam.* But I's not done readin'!

*Joe.* No diffrence! dah's too many individjals named in dat ar pistil.

*Sam.* Dis yere's a *family* letter.

*Joe.* 'Xactly so? An' I say de family relations ain't properly lain down in dat pistil.

*Sam.* Who's talkin 'bout de pistol?

*Joe.* Sam, a letter is a pistil 'mong de upper circles of 'society.

*Sam.* Dat so? Why, Joe?

*Joe.* 'Spouse it's cause if de charges is 'tended to dey always go off. Dat letter ought to begin dis way: "Darlin' wife." You see de *Darlin'* shows de 'fection of de pussen writin' de pistil, an' de *wife* shows de proper pussen to get de pistil, de recipicant of de lavished 'fection.

*Sam.* But de balance of de crowd'll be mad if I don't say nuffin' 'bout 'em.

*Joe.* Dat's done dis way. You confels all youah regards onto youh wife, and she confels dem onto de balance of de lot.

*Sam.* (*Puzzled.*) How's dat done, Joe?

*Joe.* Oh, you jist *say* you do it. Dat's all.

*Sam.* Whah did you pick up sich a pow'ful edication, Joe.

*Joe.* 'Spouse you think it's worth sumfin' arter all to belong to de fust families! You see, I learned to read a little by missis' help, and den I used to read massa's letters dat he left 'round loose. Dat's de source of my 'pistolary knowledge. What else did you say in dat letter?

*Sam.* I says, we've done got work. Mine is plain work in de corn-field. Joe is gwine into de ornamental line, an' 'spects to drive a mule team. De boss's name is Slocum, an' we've done took lodgin' with him.

*Joe.* *Partments* is a better word, Sam. Lodgin's ain't genteel.

*Sam.* (*Erases and rewrites.*) Then I'll say *'partments*. "De



'partments ain't quite so large as dey used to be in de old mansion on de plantation. Our 'partments are kept away from de boss's by a bed quilt."

*Joe. (Suddenly.)* Stop right at de bed-quilt, Sam, till I tell you somethin'. Dis mornin' as I was sittin' reflectin' on de future, I heerd Dinah, de cook, in de other end of dis mansion, rattlin' de stove lids. I stepped to dat quilt, an' peeked through a little hole. She was holdin' a skillet in her hands. I jist whistled kind o' easy, an' she dropped dat skillet quick as you'd drop de hoe when de dinner horn toots. I says, "Come heah, honey," an' you couldn't guess what she did.

*Sam.* Screamed?

*Joe.* No, sah! (*Laughs.*)

*Sam.* Hit you wid de tongs?

*Joe.* No, sah! (*Lowering his voice.*) She came straight to dat hole in de quilt.

*Sam.* Ya! ha! ha! 'Spose you larned dat trick mong de fust families too!

*Joe.* Wondeh if she' dah now? I'm gwine to get up a big 'quaintance wid dat gal. (*Goes to quilt and applies his eye to the hole.*) Is you dah, honey? (*Enter Ezra Slocum suddenly L.*)

*Slocum.* What are you doing, Joe?

*Joe.* I was lookin' at de patchwork figger in dat quilt. Dat's a mighty fine quilt, Mr. Slocum.

*Slocum.* Yes, my wife pieced that when she was a girl. It's time to get to work, boys. Sam, you may finish hoeing the sweet potatoes. Joe, you may try driving the mule team. Do you think you can manage four mules?

*Joe.* Yis, sah! I've done handled de lines an' de whip all my life mong de first families.

*Slocum.* Very well! You may harness them, and I'll be out pretty soon to tell you what to do. Keep an eye on that biggest one. He's a little—well, a little nervous, that's all. (*Exeunt Sam and Joe L.*) These darky immigrants are a queer lot. They are willing to try anything, and haven't the slightest hesitation in assuming any responsibility whatever. I guess Joe will learn a few things in Kansas that he never knew among the first families. (*Enter Mrs. Slocum.*)

*Mrs. S.* Ezra, you've got to turn those niggers out of the house. I won't have them here a day longer.

*Slocum.* What's the matter now?

*Mrs. S.* They're not fit to be around. Joe Cope was peeping through that quilt this morning. Let them stay in their own end of the house.

*Slocum.* Are n't you mistaken, Huldah? Perhaps he was only looking at the patchwork.

*Mrs. S.* Patchwork, indeed! If that was all he was doing why did he say, "Is you dah, honey?" I heard that.

*Slocum.* Well, *that* does seem a little singular. But he must have been soliloquizing. I hardly think he meant you, Huldah.

*Mrs. S.* Meant me! Ezra Slocum, you're a goose. Of course he didn't mean me. He meant the cook. I shan't allow it. You may let them find board elsewhere.

*Slocum.* I can't ask them to do that. I've agreed to board them, and I need all hands to tend the crops.

*Mrs. S.* Then make 'em behave. I'll scald him if I catch him at it again.

*Slocum.* Why, Huldah, I'm surprised at you. That would make him feel very badly I know. Now listen, Huldah, if you must do something, I'll tell you what to do. You remember that old garden syringe that you used to use in Illinois for squirting lime water on the plants.

*Mrs. S.* Yes, I understand. It's sticking back of the stove now. I'll fill it and squirt his eyes full of water.

*Slocum.* Capital idea. Put it in readiness at once. (*Exit Mrs. S. past the quilt R into the other part of the house. S. peeps through the quilt.*) My wife is a general, and no mistake. She's filling that old syringe. (*A pause.*) No; there's no water in the pail. She's gone to the well for some. I'll play a joke on her. I'll go out at the side door and come in again. She'll hear me. I'll imitate Joe's voice before she has time to fill the syringe. Won't she sputter when she finds she is n't ready. I'll slam the door to attract her attention. (*Goes out R, and at once re-enters with noise.*) (*Softly.*) There she is. (*A pause.*) Hang it, she has her back toward me. I can't see what she is going to do. Good, the syringe is on the shelf. Now for it! (*Speaks imitating Joe.*) "Is you dah, honey?" I declare if she hasn't forgot that the old thing is empty. (*Repeats, "Is you dah, honey?" Mrs. Slocum squirts his eye full of water and cries out, "Take that you sneaking scamp."*) By jingo, if she didn't fill it before she went to the pump. (*Wiping his face.*) Age hasn't impaired its power, I see. That's too good for her to discover. I'll get out of here, I think. (*Exits hastily. Curtain.*)

## SCENE II. Same as before. Sam and Joe discovered.

*Joe.* Golly, Sam! Dat was de liveliest mule team I ever seed.

*Sam.* Joe, dah's one thing 'bout a mule team dat most folks don't know.

*Joe.* What's dat, Sam Gross?

*Sam.* A mule team always looks de best when some other feller's drivin' it.

*Joe.* Dat's so, Sam, Neveh thought 'o dat. Mistah Slocum says dat big mule is nervous. He must have dat nervousness pow'ful bad. Dis mornin' when I went to harness dat mule, I jist took de harness off de peg and tossed em onto dat mule's back so, (*Imitates motion,*) an' hollered "Whoa dah!" 'Spose de lightin' must 'a struck de stable 'bout dat time, case de fust thing I knowed de stable roof was sailing 'round like a turkey buzzard,

an' de harness wasn't nowhah, an' dat mule was standin' onto his nose with his hind legs pointin' toward de norf star.

*Sam.* Dat mule belongs to de fust families don't he, Joe? Ya! ha! ha!

*Joe.* If he does he don't show no kind of manners towards individjals dat sociated with de fust families. Thinks I, he's sick an' needs a little coaxin', so I jist went up to him an' patted him onto de back and' says, Don't be skeered, Billy.

*Sam.* Was he skeered, Joe?

*Joe.* Jist then an earthquake came along; half of it hit me, an' de other half hit de stable. When I begun to reflect on de situation, I was sittin' out on de parairie dodgin' de ruins of de stable as dey' come down. Mistah Slocum came along an' went into de place whah de stable was with a long pole. Would you blieve it, Sam; in ten minutes he fotedh out de four mules all harnessed up, an' lookin' as innocent as school boys jist leavin' an apple orchard. He said I might hoe taters with you, Sam. He guessed drivin' fough horse mule team wasn't 'zactly like drivin' coach foh de fust families.

*Sam.* Ya! ha! ha! Joe, you's got to drop dat style an' get down to de level of common folks. Say, Joe, did you hear de news?

*Joe.* What's dat?

*Sam.* De grasshoppers is comin'. Dey's on de tater wines now.

*Joe.* (*Sings*). "A grasshopper settin' on a sweet potater wine."  
(*Repeats this line several times.*)

*Sam.* Why don't you finish de poetry?

*Joe.* 'Case dah hain't nuffin knocked him off de wine yet.

*Sam.* Joe, dese grasshoppers is big as de frogs in Louisian'. An' sich appetites. Dey'll eat anything, from a clothes pin to a sassige chopper. Dey's got the most ambitious appetite you ever seed.

*Joe.* Dah's one thing on dis yere plantation dey better let alone.

*Sam.* What's dat? De mule team?

*Joe.* Jist so, Sam, if dat big mule gits nervous somethin's bound to happen.

*Sam.* De grasshoppers is bad enough. Dey'll eat us out o' house an' home jist when we's gettin' a start in the worl', but grasshoppers ain't de worst circumstance. De "Shy-Anns" is 'round.

*Joe.* De "Shy-Anns!" Dat animal is a kinder cross twixt de pole-cat and de poreupine isn't it? Dey's pow'ful hard on chickens. I read onet 'bout dat animal.

*Sam.* Sho! Wha's youh education now! De "Shy-Anns" is Injuns.

*Joe.* (*Alarmed.*) Golly, Sam, is de Injuns 'round? Whah's de rewolvah? (*Steps to R and gets revolver from valise.*) Sam, youh

langwige is very uneducated. You ought to said, *Lo, de pooh In-jun* is 'round.

*Sam.* He's gittin' on his war-hoops anyway, an' grindin' up his scalpin'-hawk.

*Joe.* An' his tommy-knife! (*Laughs.*) Sam, you 'ah too ignorant to be a funny nigger. I's ashamed 'o youh ignorance. De warwhoop is n't part of de dress. It's what de noble red man hollers when he feels like cuttin' somebody's throat. (*Flourishes his pistol.*) Jist let de "Shy-Anns," as you call 'em, sound de warwhoop soon as dey feel like it. 'Spect dey'll find somebody in Kansas 'bout as sharp as deirselves.

*Sam.* Tell you what it is, Joe, better be keerful 'bout goin' down de walley arter de cows.

*Joe.* (*Flourishes pistol.*) I don't fear de "Shy-Anns." (*Enter Slocum L.*)

*Slocum.* Why, Joe, you look warlike! I see you are ready for Cheyennes.

*Joe.* I's willing to be a sacrifice if necessary.

*Slocum.* I admire your courage, Joe. I'd be sorry to hear of any sacrifice. Let me look at your revolver.

*Joe.* (*Handing him the pistol.*) Be keerful of her, Mistah Slocum.

*Slocum.* Oh, certainly. (*Looks at pistol. Aside.*) Very dangerous! Old fashioned charge and no caps. Use caution, Joe, she *might* go off.

*Joe.* I's an expert in de pistol line.

*Slocum.* Joe, it's time to bring up the cows. Remember that's your job.

*Joe.* Yis sah! Sam, come go 'long.

*Sam.* Yah! ha! ha! You's thinkin' of de "Shy-Anns."

*Joe.* Pshaw, Sam, youh company's so delightful I can't deprive myself of de pleasure of it. Come now! (*Exeunt L.*)

*Slocum.* Joe's conceit don't seem to be diminished much by his adventure with the big mule. (*Enter Mrs. S., R past edge of quilt.*)

*Mrs. S.* Ezra, what are we going to do with your cousin Ben when he comes? The darkies occupy this room, and he will like a little more privacy. He's never been outside Boston in his life.

*Slocum.* If he comes out here to rusticate and rough it for a spell, I suppose he will be willing to take things as they come.

*Mrs. S.* But he can't sleep on the floor. That's expecting too much of one bred in the city. You must go to town and buy a bedstead. We've needed it anyway.

*Slocum.* All right, Huldah, if you say so.

*Mrs. S.* Oh! I put that little plan of yours into practice this morning.

*Slocum.* (*Feigning surprise.*) Did you? How did it work!

*Mrs. S.* First-rate. You should have seen it.

*Slocum.* (*Aside.*) I should if it had been possible to open my eyes.

*Mrs. S.* You had hardly left the room when Joe came in and went to that hole in the quilt. He looked in and said softly, "Is you dah, honey?" I waited till he said it again, and then I filled his eye with dishwater. He left in a hurry.

*Slocum.* I'll bet he did! (*Aside.*) Ugh! what a fool I was (*Exit Mrs. Slocum R.*)

*Slocum.* Well, between this monkey Joe and my very vigilant spouse, I've been made a pretty fool of. I'll get even somehow. (*Enter Joe Buck.*)

*Joe B.* How d'ye do, Slocum?

*Slocum.* Howd'ye do, Buck? How's herding up the valley?

*Joe B.* Same old thing. No more change in that than there is in a schoolmaster's pocket. Have you heard of the Injuns?

*Slocum.* I heard this afternoon that the Cheyennes were on the warpath. Is it true?

*Joe B.* It is. They killed a man over on Deer Creek day before yesterday.

*Slocum.* Don't you think they'll pass to the west of us?

*Joe B.* I think so. But we can't watch the plaguey rascals too close. Can you depend on these niggers you have?

*Slocum.* Don't know! They have only one old navy revolver between them. I believe one of them would fight. I think the other one would be a capital man on a retreat. I've a plan by which we can test their valor. We'll have some fun.

*Joe B.* What is it?

*Slocum.* You come up here after dark this evening dressed up like an Indian. I'll meet you outside to tell you when we're ready. I'll have the darkies believe it's Indians, and we'll soon see what they will do

*Joe B.* But they may shoot a fellow.

*Slocum.* No danger at all. I saw their revolver to-day. It was loaded with powder and ball, and had no caps on. I'll look at it again just before you come, and see that they haven't put on caps.

*Joe B.* Agreed! I'll do it. I'll come out in such style as will straighten out the wool on their heads, or I'm no sinner. (*Exeunt L. Curtain.*)

SCENE III. *Same as before. Enter L Ben Slocum with a valise which he places on a chair.*

*Ben.* (*Always speaks with affectation and strained propriety.*) So I'm in bleeding Kansas, eh! This is the place whelh the ehly settlehs bled for theih homes. (*Looks round the house.*) Truly now, I think they hadn't a great deal to bleed for. Cousin Ezrah told me to come right in when I got heh without any cehemony. Truly, I think there is not much room for cehemony heh. I am dreadfully afraid that Ezrah Slocum is not a man of culchaw, such as his fatheh who used to live in Boston was, (*Pronounce the first o very short,*) of course one can't expect much culchaw

and refinement on the great plains. So I think on the whole I will just take Ezrah's advice and lay aside all fohmality for a good time. It's vewy unfortunate that these naughty Cheyennes should be so vewy unwuly just when so much is expected of the noble red man, and when the eyes of the world are on him. I wonder where Ezrah and his wife are? I'll walk out and take a look oveh the pwayey. I must get my revolvah ready. I may meet a buffalo. (*Takes revolver from his valise.*) If I do, we'll have buffalo steaks for suppeh regulah Indian style. Vewy awk-wahd these deuced revolvahs ah, till you get used to them. I usually shut my eyes when they go off. If they should burst that would keep the pieces out of one's eyes, you see. (*Levels the pistol awkwardly with both hands and shuts both eyes.*) One must have a pistol though. He may meet a buffalo or wild robbeh, or a noble red man at any time. (*Puts pistol in his pocket ostentatiously.*) Now I'm ready for a bloody encounter. (*Exit L. Enter Sam R.*)

*Sam.* (*Sees valise.*) Golly, what's dis yere? Dat rascal Joe always said he was goin' to have his baggages sent on de next boat. 'Spect dat nigger wasn't lyin' arter all. He's done fooled me shuah. I'll jist see what kind 'o clothes dey weahs in de fust families. (*Opens the valise and takes out a dress coat.*) Golly, dat ain't bad! (*Holding up the coat.*) Dat niggah's gwine to enter into de bounds of matrimony! Nothin' short of it. I understan' now all dat peeking through de quilt an' sayin', "Is you dah, honey?" Joe's come heah purpose to marry dat gal. (*Holds up vest.*) Dis is a stunner! I'll jist try it on. (*Takes off his own coat and vest, and puts on Ben's vest.*) As ole massa used to say, dat's de "sign quinine of perfection." Dat Joe's comin'; he mustn't see dis yere invasion of his property. He'll make more noise than an ole hen dat lays one egg a week. (*Puts coat hastily into the valise. Buttons up his own coat.*) I'll jist watch de preceedin's from de kitchen'. (*Passes through R. Enter Joe L.*)

*Joe.* (*Sees valise.*) What's de game now. (*Opens valise.*) Bran new store clothes! Sam's been deceevin' me. Can't trust de lower classes nohow. A case of abused confidence! I'll know whah to borrow a coat I 'spect. (*Puts on the coat.*) Dat's gay! It looks putty smart, I 'spect. (*Sings.*)

"I feel jist as happy as a big sunflower,  
Dat nods an' bends in de breezes,  
An' my heart is as light as de wind dat blows  
De leaves from off de treeses."

(*Waltzes round. Enter L. Ben.*)

*Ben.* Good gracious alive! If here isn't a desperate wuffin wobbin the house. Appwopwiated my best coat to his own vulgal use too.

*Joe.* Don't be skeered, boss.

*Ben.* Villain of villains, you shall suffeh dearly for this (*Draws revolver nervously, and points it at Joe.*)

*Joe.* (*Hopping round frantically.*) Oh, lordy! mercy! help!



murder! Sam! Dinah! Mistah Slocum! Come quick, or it 'll be too late. Don't shoot!

*Ben. (Nervously backing away.)* Don't come near me, desperate man! I'll blow you into chocolate caramels. Take off that coat till I blow your skin full of holes. I don't want to spoil the coat.

*Joe. (Frantically.)* If dat's de game, I won't take it off. *(Ben gets the pistol at half cock, and can't get it off.)* Lordy! don't shoot, massa. I's not ready to die. I cheated a man out 'o twenty-five cents down in Mississip'. I'll do anything! *(Approaches Ben.)*

*Ben. (Frightened.)* Don't threaten me! I will shoot! You will have it! There! *(Shuts eyes, and pulls trigger. Joe suddenly ducks.)*

*Joe. (Rising.)* Sam! Dey's killin' me! Murder! help! *(Enter Sam excitedly.)* De pistol, Sam; get de pistol. I's dyin'. Sam hastily unbuttons his coat to get at his pistol. Ben sees the vest.

*Ben.* Another of the burglars! My vest on, too. You want my life, too, I suppose. Come on, I'll meet a dozen of you. *(Sam cocks his pistol after some effort. They maneuver and get Joe between them.)*

*Joe.* Lordy! merey! Sam, dat won't do. Git from behind me. If you kills me, de Governor of de State will hang you both for murder. *(Sam snaps his pistol.)* O oh, I's a dead man! I's a wictim of de consequences! *(Ben shuts his eyes, and pulls trigger, Joe jumps aside.)* Blaze away! Dat's de man! *(Pointing at Sam. Enter Joe Buck L., attired as an Indian warrior, hatchet, revolver, and butcher-knife in his belt. Gun.)*

*Buck. (Steps with slow and dignified movement to the C.)* Ugh! White man heap gun, no shoot.

*Joe.* Run for youah lives! It's de "Shy-Anns." Sam run, dat big injun 'll scalp your head off.

*Ben.* It's no use to contend against such odds! *(Throws down pistol. Ben and Joe rush toward door L., and escape. Sam falls over the valise. Buck catches him, and holds him on the floor.)*

*Sam.* Dis chile never did de injun any harm.

*Buck. (In severe tone.)* My name "Thunder and Lightning," big chief. Me on war-path after scalps.

*Sam.* Niggah's scalp worth nothin'. Catch dat white man.

*Buck.* White man got long legs. Thunder and Lightning got short legs.

*Sam.* Let me off dis yer time, anyway! I's got a wife an' little pickanninies!

*Buck.* Squaw no good to black man. Pickanninies no good to anybody. Chief got nineteen scalps. Want twenty. *(Sam suddenly flops Buck over and jumping up jerks the hatchet from his belt.)*

*Sam. (Picks up Ben's pistol and brandishes hatchet.)* Want twenty scalps, eh? Don't you come nigh me with dat scalpin-knife, or I'll chop your head off, and then blow your red brains out.

*Buck. (Aside.)* Red brains! Not a bad joke. I'll have to let up on him a little. *(Aloud.)* Guess I'll let you off this time.

*Sam. (Trying to cock the pistol.)* Guess I won't let you off. I'll jist finish you at once, so you needn't be sneakin' 'round any more scalpin' 'spectable folks. *(Enter Slocum and Mrs. S. L.)*

*Slocum.* Why, what's the matter, Sam?

*Sam.* I's done cotched a "Shy-Ann," Mistah Slocum.

*Slocum.* Sam, you must be mistaken.

*Sam.* No, sir-ee! He says he's Thunder an' Lightnin'. Fact is, I kind o' thought he was for a spell.

*Slocum.* This is a mistake, Sam. That man is only a herdsman dressed up like an Indian. He only wanted to show you what an Indian looks like.

*Sam.* Is dat so? Well, I forgive you, boss. But let me give you a little bit o' advice. It ain't safe to fool 'round men that have pistols.

*Buck.* That's so, Sam. I shan't try it again with you.

*Slocum.* Where's Joe, Sam?

*Sam.* Yah! ha! ha! Always thought dat niggah was no 'count. He jist cleared out, an' left me to fight de whole battle.

*Mrs. S.* Served him right. Where did he go?

*Sam.* Can't tell. *(Sings.)*

"He saw de smoke way up de ribbah,  
Whah de 'Shy-Ann' lodges stan',  
He took his hat so pretty sort o' sudden,  
He's bound for Louisian'."

*Mrs. S.* Why, Ezra, here's cousin Ben's valise. Where is he?

*Slocum.* Sam, have you seen a stranger here this evening? *(Sam suddenly buttons up his coat to conceal vest.)* What are you doing. Whose vest is that?

*Sam.* Don't know.

*Slocum.* Where did you get it?

*Sam.* In dat valise.

*Mrs. S.* How dare you open cousin Ben's valise?

*Sam.* Thought it was Joe's.

*Slocum.* That won't do. Where is the stranger who left that valise here.

*Sam.* 'Spect he left 'bout de same time Joe did. Jist as dat "Shy-Ann" come.

*Buck.* Slocum, he didn't wait for an introduction.

*Slocum.* Buck, your little ruse was a success, but we mustn't let Ben know it. He'd never forgive us. Sam, saddle a pony, and hunt them up.

*Sam.* I's afraid dey's got too much start.

*Mrs. S.* It's too bad. Don't delay a moment, Sam.

*Slocum.* I'm sorry for Ben. I'm afraid he won't like Kansas.

*Sam.* Dat's so, if he has to fight de grasshoppers an' de Shy-anns, or drive a fough-horse mule team.

CURTAIN.







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